To ſcarlet indignation, and bedeaw
Her paſtors graſſe with faithfull Engliſh blood.
North. The King of Heauen forbid, our Lord the king
Should ſo with ciuill and vnciuill armes
Be ruſht vpon. Thy thriſe noble Cooſin,
Harry Bullingbrooke doth humbly kiſſe thy hand,
And by the honourable Tombe he ſweares,
That ſtands vpon your royall Grandſires bones,
And by the Royalties of both your bloods
Currents that ſpring from one moſt gracious head,
And by the buried hand of Warlike *Gaunt*,
And by the worth and honour of himſelfe,
Compriſing all that may be ſworne or ſaid,
His comming hither hath no further ſcope,
Then for his lineall Royalties, and to begge
Infranchiſement immediate on his knees,
Which on thy Royall partie graunted once,
His glittering Armes he will commend to ruſt,
His barbed Steeds to Stables, and his heart
To faithfull ſeruice of your Maieſtie.
This ſweares he, as he is a Prince iuſt:
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.
King. Northumberland, ſay thus: the King returnes
His noble Cooſin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demaunds
Shall be accompliſht without contradiction,
With all the gracious vtterance thou haſt;
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends:
We doe debaſe our ſelues (Cooſin) do wee not?
To looke ſo poorely, and to ſpeake ſo faire?
Shall we call backe Northumberland, and ſend
Defiance to the Traitour, and ſo die?
Aum. No good my Lord, lets fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpfull ſwords.
King. Oh God, oh God that ere this tongue of mine,
That laid the ſentence of dread baniſhment
On you proud man, ſhould take it off againe,
With words of ſooth! Oh that I were as great,

As is my griefe, or leſſer then my name!
Or that I could forget what I haue been!
Or not remember what I muſt be now!
Swell'ſt thou (proud heart,) Ile giue thee ſcope to
Since foes haue ſcope to beat both thee and mee.
Aum. Northumberland comes backe from *Bullingb*
King. What muſt the King do now? muſt he ſub
The King ſhall do it: Muſt he be depoſde?
The King ſhall be contented: Muſt he looſe
The name of a King? a Gods name let it goe:
Ile giue my jewels for a ſet of Beades;
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage:
My gay Apparell, for an Almeſ-mans Gowne:
My figurde Goblets, for a diſh of Wood:
My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe:
My Subiects, for a payre of carued Saints:
And my large Kingdome, for a little Graue;
A little little Graue, an obſcure Graue,
Or, ile be buried in the Kings hie way,
Some way of common trade, where ſubiects feete
May hourely trample on their Soueraignes head;
For on my heart they tread now whilſt I liue:
And buried once, why not vpon my head?
Aumerle, thou weepeſt (my tender-hearted Cooſin)
Weele make foule weather with deſpiſed teares;
Our ſighes, and they, ſhall lodge the ſummer corne,
And make a dearth in this reuolting land:
Or ſhall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make ſome pretty match with ſheading teares,
And thus to drop them ſtill vpon one place,
Till they haue fretted vs a paire of Graues
Within the earth: and therein layde; their lies
Two kinſmen dig'd their Graues with weeping eyes?
Would not this ill doe well? well well I ſee,
I talke but idlely, and you laugh at mee.
Moſt mighty Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,
What ſayes King *Bullingbrooke*, will his Maieſtie
Giue *Richard* leaue to liue till *Richard* die?